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PUNCH

APRIL
18
1951

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No. 5762

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

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EVERY YOUNG MAN employed by John Laing and Son Limited knows what opportunity means. He knows that directors and executives have worked their way up and that the same road is open to him.

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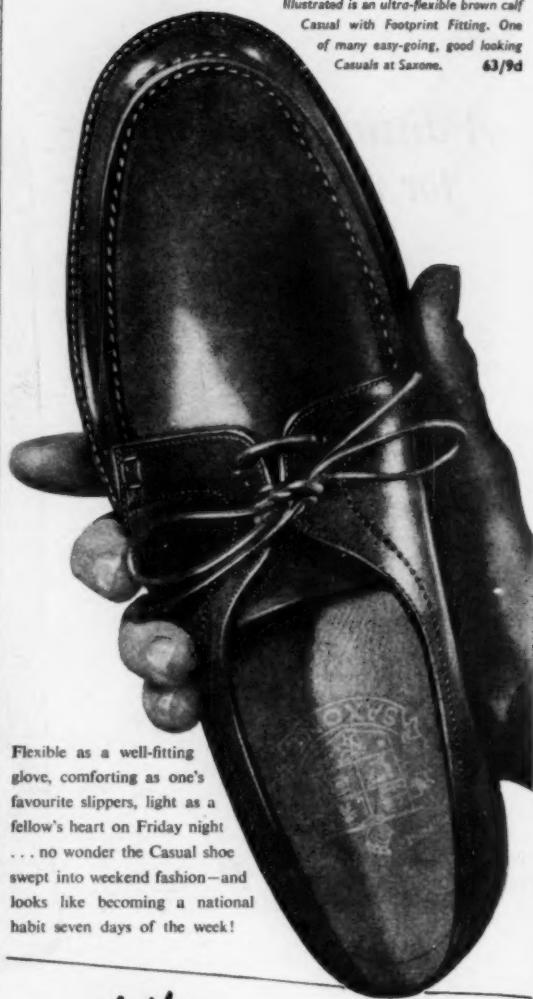
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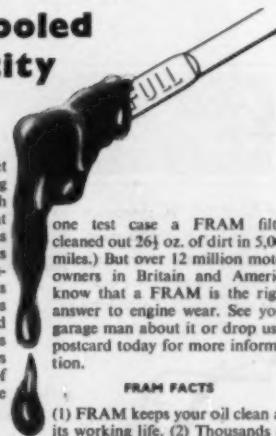
Send for free booklet "Incentive in Action" which tells how quality is built into Henley Tyres, to Henley's Tyre & Rubber Co. Ltd., Milton Court, Dorking, Surrey.

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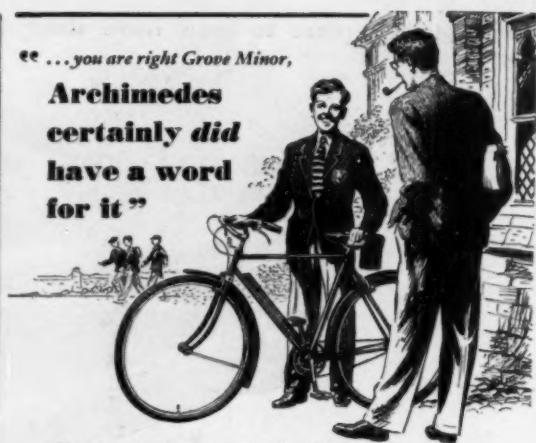
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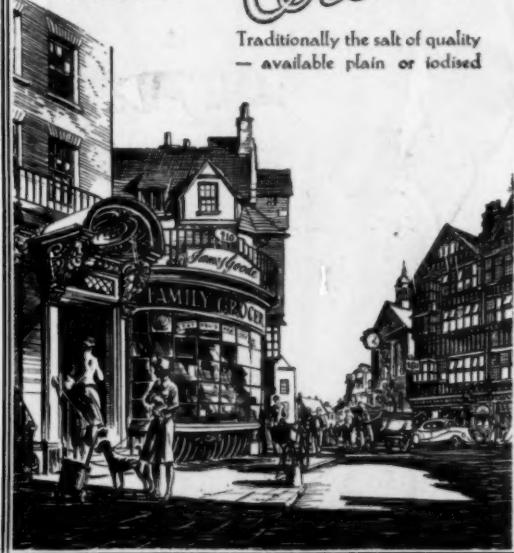
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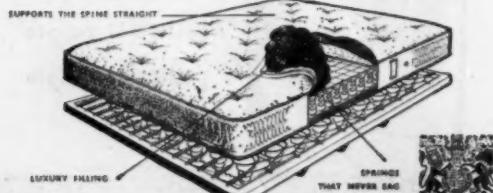
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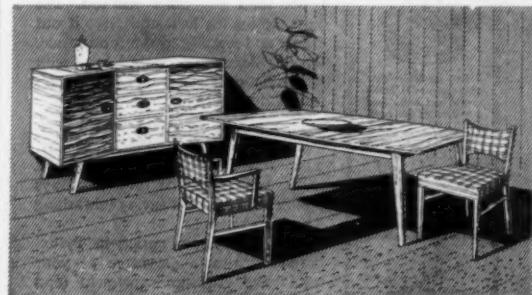


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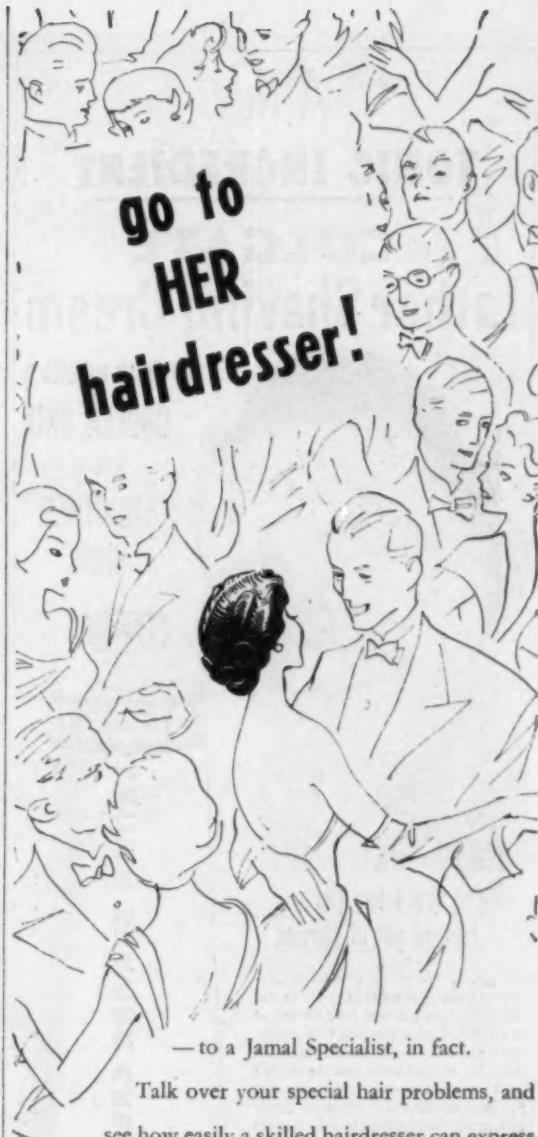


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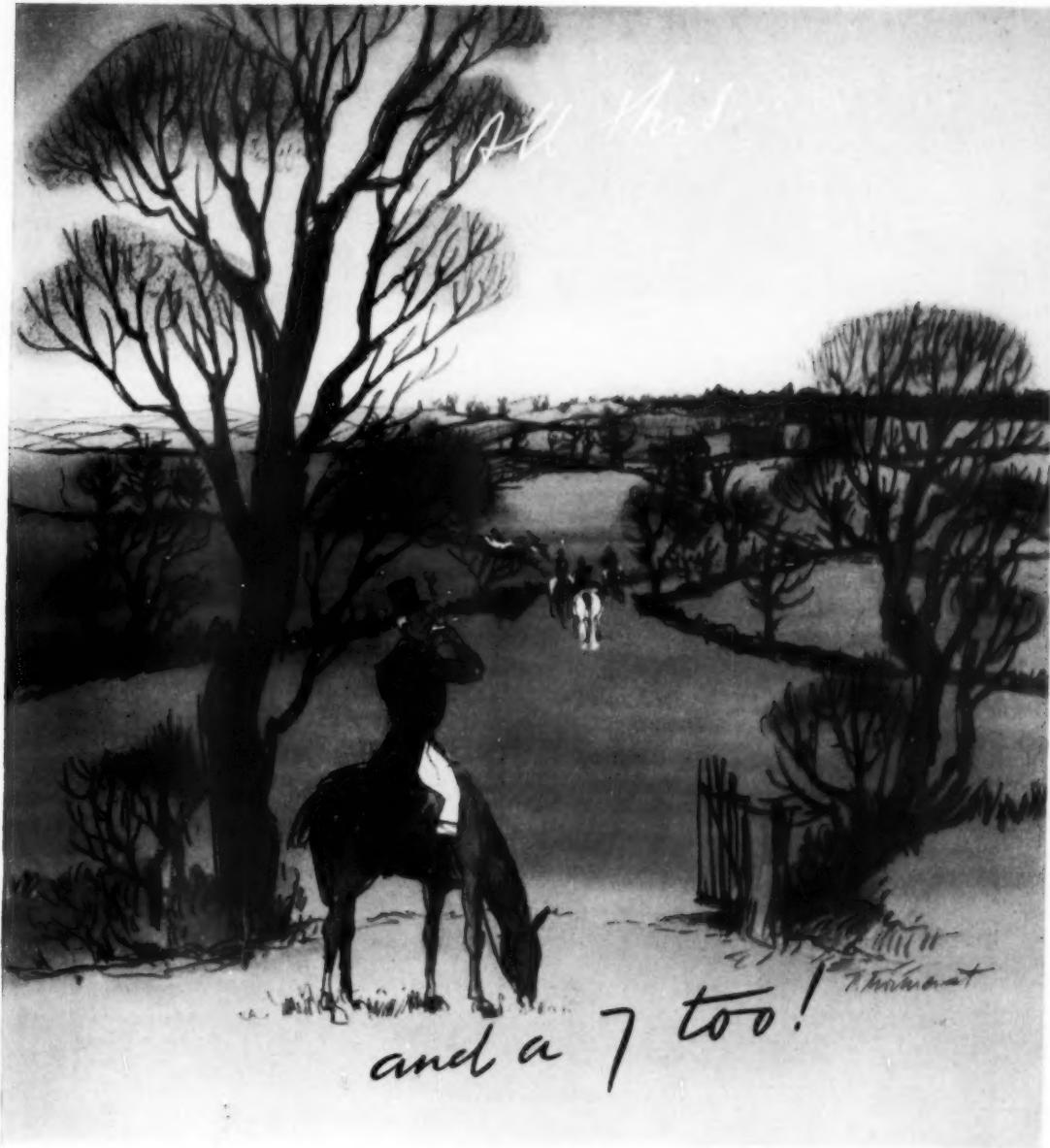
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[3P 1048]



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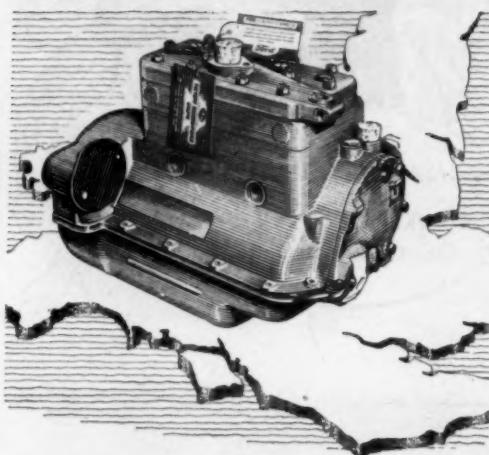
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Limited*





CHARIVARIA

UNLESS the dispute between Durham County Council and the teachers is settled soon, Festival visitors will get the idea that we are nothing but a nation of closed-shopkeepers.

Some of the smaller inland towns plan to run special trips to see the Festival of Britain ship. Unless the weather improves it might be just as convenient for the ship to go to the towns.

"When scoring his third goal and Sunderland's fifth he was unable to stop and crashed into the back of the net with such force that an arm snapped off. It was patched up for the game to finish."

"Gibraltar Chronicle"

That's the spirit.



"To any youngster I say: 'Treat your boots as your friends and grease them twice a week.'"

"Daily Express"

Only for "palms" read "soles."



A leaflet on "How To Build a Bonfire" has been issued by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, illustrating how the refuse should be placed with regard to the direction of the wind. If enough copies are issued they may prove to be of great practical value.

For Rotten Row

"Lady's Side Saddle, as new, with Bowler-hat, Rhinoceros, Hunting Crop, Hunting Horn, Bronze Farm Bell (heavy)."

Advt. in "Irish Times"



In New York the National Association of Women Artists decided that the ideal American would have the "infectious smile" of General Eisenhower, the "ski-slope nose" of Bob Hope, the "ominous eyebrows" of union chief John L. Lewis, the "emotional hands" of conductor Leopold Stokowski, and the "majestic hair" of elder statesman Bernard Baruch. Not a word about the "tight-lipped mouth" of General MacArthur.

Authors are assured in a current year-book that America is always in the market for really outstanding British fiction. How about selling them the American rights in our Cost of Living Index?

A correspondent deplores the tendency of business men to yield to the temptation of an afternoon nap. Especially when it doesn't even get a place.

A MODEL HOUSEWIFE

THE way in which the housewife has come on by leaps and bounds since the war as a public symbol, in large measure ousting such old popular favourites in this field as the average man, the common man, the man in the street and even that more modern (but still evidently male) figure the consumer, in no way prepared us, I think, for the latest and highest honour which has been heaped upon her. Perhaps even she herself is surprised to find that she has been selected to join that romantic band of adventurers—soldiers, firemen, railway porters, milkmen and a few others—to whom the purest and most hopeful among us look for their inspiration. I refer, of course, to the fact that little lead models of her are now being made for children to play with.

I saw her the other day in a toy shop, this new recruit to the hearth-rug army, and she already had an assured air of belonging there, as if it were as common to give a child a box of housewives for his birthday as a box of soldiers. She was dressed quietly in blue, and her field-service equipment—bandanna, bootees and shopping bag—had a neat and efficient look. Indeed, she was in action, for she stood facing a counter behind which towered a large and formidable lead butcher. Model butchers are not, perhaps,

such a new departure in the plaything world as model housewives, but I cannot believe that many of them have been made so far; the manufacturers do not appear to have acquired the knack of it yet. Not only was this butcher's right eye considerably higher than his left, but his brows were drawn together at an insane angle and his mouth was twisted into a far-fetched expression of malevolence, giving him the aspect of a butcher who is about to run amok with the cleaver rather than one intent on cutting off ten-pennyworth of little lead chops.

The housewife stood her ground however; she must have been a more than ordinarily desperate member of her buccaneering profession. The expression that had been given to her attractive features was, whether by accident or design, a somewhat haughty one, and as I gazed at it I found myself hoping that the housewife—the real-life one—will not feel that the shine is taken off the honour of having lead models made of her by the fact that she has to share the distinction not only with her old adversary the butcher but also with a great many farm animals and beasts of the jungle, from hens to hippopotamuses. It is no easy thing, I would remind her, to appear as attractive as a

hippopotamus in the eyes of a child, and she, the housewife, starts under a great disadvantage. The typical lead model, the Red Indian, milkman or of course hippopotamus, is a remote and wonderful figure in *the flesh*; he looms, as it were, larger than life through the mists of unfamiliarity. But who could be more familiar to a child than a housewife? To be considered a romantic heroine by one's own family is surely as great a feat as being a hero to one's valet.

But perhaps the aspect of the matter that will please the housewife most is that she is surely one of the first women to have lead models made of her. Until a year or so ago, when she began to replace a row of males in the public symbol business, she had, understandably, seemed to lag behind in the great drive for the emancipation of women. But has anyone made lead models of the women doctors, lawyers, aircraft pilots and other leaders in the race whom the housewife sometimes, perhaps, envied? No. It has been left to her alone to invade a field that belonged, apart from a few cowed traditional milkmaids, exclusively to men and the lower orders, and no doubt her gracious influence will soon begin to have its effect in a general dusting off and tidying up among the other personnel on the nursery floor.

Already the three housewives that I bought for Kenneth take a very active part in his games, even though I omitted to provide any butchers. Yesterday they were pressed into service to help in defending a fort, in which there is a chronic shortage of manpower, from an attack by a number of Scots Guards, Gurkhas, garage attendants and sea-lions, and they acquitted themselves well—I almost said "like men." My wife seemed to think that they should be removed to some place of safety, along with the wounded and the giraffes, when the firing started, but Kenneth and I both felt that they would be quite at home on the ramparts. There is nothing the housewife cannot do, it seems to us, from now on.

The Festival of Punch



A SPECIAL issue, "The Festival of Punch," reflecting a hundred years in the history of this country (and of this paper) is to be published on April 30. In addition to its "historical" section, the issue will cover many aspects of modern life overlooked by the organizers of the South Bank Exhibition. It will contain one hundred and twenty-eight pages, sixteen of them in full colour, and will be priced at 2/-. Readers may like to send the "Festival of Punch" to their friends overseas; arrangements can be made either through a local newsagent or through the Publisher at 10 Bouvierie Street (postage: inland, 3½d.; Canada, 1½d.; elsewhere overseas, 5½d.).



REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

"We'll soon have you fighting fit."

HUMOURLESS INTERLUDE

WHEN Shemlow rang me up and asked me to entertain at his rifle club dinner I thought he must be confusing me with someone else; nowadays I leave that kind of exhibitionism to those who enjoy it. But he recalled rather fulsomely a trifle of mine at an end-of-course concert—an occasion which my subconscious had buried deep, perhaps wisely. "You'll be terrific," he said. "It's settled then. And we'll have a good old yarn."

In this he was disappointed, and so was I, in a way. On the Friday evening his name headed the list of apologies for absence; the cad had abandoned me, a pale, pacific stranger, to the mercies of seventy hearty marksmen.

The food may have been excellent. For me it tasted of pianos. The piano had taken my attention from the start; even before its losing battle with a barrel-chested bass of grunting incoherence I had sensed that it had nothing in common with pianos proper but its shape; this neither surprised nor dismayed me,

because my effects as a self-accompanist are mostly facial; what did upset me was its siting—on the floor beside the platform. It is not usual for the upper rooms of City public-houses to be equipped with raked floors, and this one was no exception: if my songs at the piano were to be visible to more of the company than the half-dozen sprawling riflemen at the platform end of the tables, that piano, somehow, would have to be lifted on to the stage.

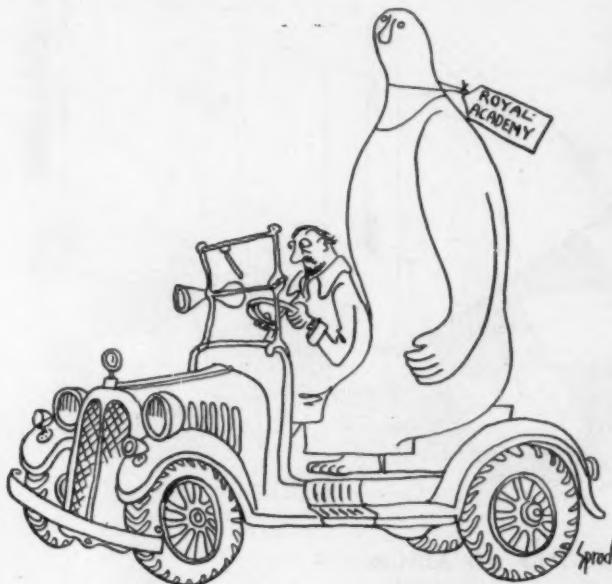
I had a moderate reception when I was announced. I clambered on to the stage and faced them, conscious that I was wearing the double-breasted suit whose tucked-under bit hangs down slightly at the front. I don't say that the tittered exchanges among the audience were actually concerned with this. I was just conscious of it.

Do the organizers of after-dinner entertainments in the upper rooms of City public-houses ever consider the anguish suffered by their artists? Unlikely. Once they have

cajoled us into service by false flattery and unscrupulous invocation of the name of friendship their only thought is for their own idle glory as impresarios; even the programme proof-reading is done in an off-hand, light-hearted manner (they had spelt me with an "s," and reversed my initials); but the weary dredging for ideas, the midnight oil, the palpitations, the eccentric mutterings with closed eyes in trains, the recurring misgivings culminating in the conviction that the act isn't fit to present to an audience of mentally-retarded apes—they know nothing of these terrors. When their creatures go out there alone in the revealing glare of a sixty-watt bulb, they slide down farther in their chairs, unfasten another waistcoat button, applaud flabbily, shout "Good old Freddie!" and whisper something to their neighbour which puts him in stitches and convinces the man on the stage that his braces are dangling out of the back of his jacket.

But it was even worse this time. I didn't know one of them. Not one of them knew me. I was the chap old Shemlow had got hold of—where was old Shemmy, by the way? . . . Oh, 'flu, was it? Bad luck. Was he going in for the full-bore again this year? . . . Charlie Pinfold was saying . . . Oh, well, tell you afterwards . . .

"Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen—" It was my voice, thin through the smoke-blue clamour. From officiousness rather than consideration several men said "Shush," and the roar diminished to a level drone, broken by sharp cries for the waiter. I tried to look like Bing Crosby, diffident yet confident underneath. I don't think it got over. "I should like," I lied, giving a long eloquent glare at the instrument below me, "to sing a song at the piano." There was mild applause from tapped beer mugs, and three men near the door slipped out on exaggerated tip-toe. "The trouble is, the piano's down there—and I'm up here." I frowned fiercely, wanting to make them see that this was a serious obstacle.



They roared. Then there was an altogether too gratifying hush as they settled down to enjoy this new comic approach, gazing at me with glassy expectancy. I fancy they were hoping to see me spring down and heave the piano up on my back. If I'd done that it couldn't have gone over bigger than my next appeal to reason. "If I sing down there, you can't see me," I explained with all the earnestness at my command. "And if I stay up here where you can see me, I can't sing."

They roared again. They dug each other in the ribs. The four broad, well-muscled sharpshooters nearest the platform, whom I had privately earmarked as an ideal piano-moving team, were in fits. I stared at them coldly—and made my worst blunder so far: throwing out an imploring hand, I shouted "No, no—listen." It was pure Max Miller of course and it slew them. They laughed until their eyes ran. One man in a striped suit had to get up and turn his back on me, stuffing his fingers in his ears.

Well, I suppose it wasn't the thing, but I didn't care. I lost my temper. I said I hadn't given up my only free evening of the week to be made a fool of. I said I didn't know anything about rifle shooting, and didn't want to, but if it classified itself under the heading of sport, then it was a pity there weren't a few members of the company with enough sporting spirit to move an ordinary little wooden-framed piano with an embroidered silk front on to a three-foot high rostrum. They could see for themselves that I couldn't sing on the stage and play the piano on the floor. What did they think I was, a giraffe? I mentioned common decency. I may have spoken of fair play, I'm not sure. The laughter was deafening by this time, and I couldn't catch everything I said. They rolled like buoys in half a gale. The three men who had tip-toed out had come back; they were doubled up in the doorway, with some friends they'd rushed up for the treat from a cricket club meeting on the floor below, and I had a job to get past them on the way to the hat pegs; they ran after me, clapping me on

the back, and I think one of them tried to grab my handkerchief as a souvenir. . . .

Shemlow rang up on the Saturday night. My wife gave me the message, but said she wasn't sure she'd got it right. He said he heard I'd brought the house down. He was the most popular man in the club. Could I do Tuesday, the twenty-fourth, for the British Legion? It was at the "Bull and Chain," where they had an eight-foot concert grand screwed to the stage, but it would be no trouble at all to have it unscrewed for me and moved on to the floor. I should be terrific, he said.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

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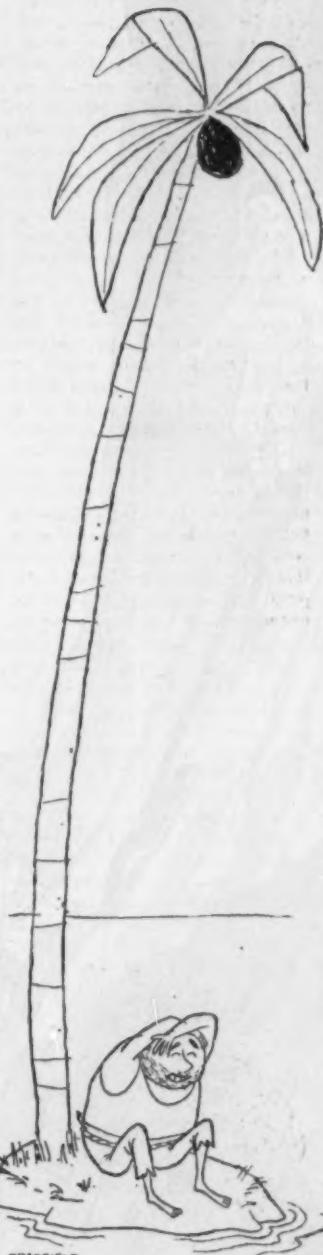
ON REFLECTION

MIRROR, mirror on the wall,
By the hat-stand in the hall,
With your sleepless, silver eye
Framed in frightful marquetry;
None may enter, none depart,
Inward creep or outward dart—
Welcom'd home or wav'd farewell—
Save you stand as sentinel.

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Silent servant of us all,
Showing crooked hat or tie
With impartiality.
Capturing the girlish glance,
Hasty, breathless ere the dance;
Sharing in the moment's bliss
Of the swift and stolen kiss.

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Watching when the tradesmen call,
Marking how—with Christmas
nigh—
Mounting their civility.
Seeing sycophantic cat
Mew the milkman from the mat;
Present when the pregnant hour
Brings the postman's punctual
shower.

Mirror, mirror in your place,
None you favour—none disgrace;
But with contemplative eye
Vainly vouch for vanity.
Why the image in the mind
Must we hide (and gladly find)
When the gift that Burns implored—
And you offer—lies ignored?



UP THE AIRY MOUNTAIN

AS we piled out of the ancient motor-car in which Evans the Taxi had taken us to the practice slopes, a thrill ran through us. We were about to climb our first mountain! True, it was not Everest, being indeed quite small even by the standards of North Wales. True, also, we did not intend to climb very far up it, preferring to leave the higher peaks to the experts. But in our mind's eye sea-level was almost out of sight already. "Rope me!" we cried ecstatically. "Rope me together!"

It appeared, however, that what we had taken to be a precipitous mountain path was the route along which the locals were accustomed to take their morning walks. Some of them were doing it now. A comfortable-looking family of father, mother and little Llewellyn were indeed heading straight up the side of the mountain, without so much as a piece of string between them.

"That's the easy way up," said the instructor with a condescending smile. "There's always an easy way up a mountain, you know. We'd want something a wee bit harder."

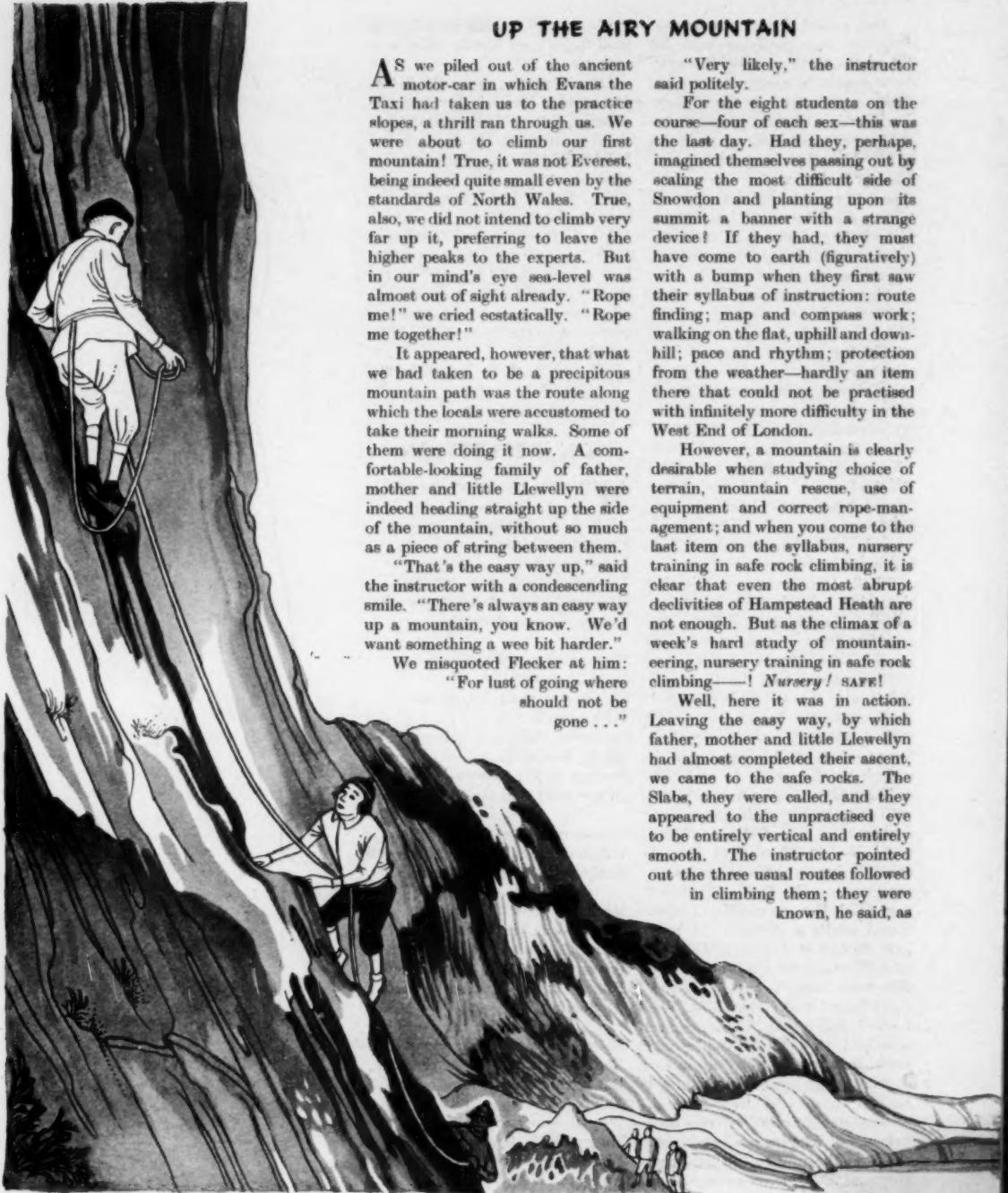
We misquoted Flecker at him: "For lust of going where should not be gone . . ."

"Very likely," the instructor said politely.

For the eight students on the course—four of each sex—this was the last day. Had they, perhaps, imagined themselves passing out by scaling the most difficult side of Snowdon and planting upon its summit a banner with a strange device? If they had, they must have come to earth (figuratively) with a bump when they first saw their syllabus of instruction: route finding; map and compass work; walking on the flat, uphill and downhill; pace and rhythm; protection from the weather—hardly an item there that could not be practised with infinitely more difficulty in the West End of London.

However, a mountain is clearly desirable when studying choice of terrain, mountain rescue, use of equipment and correct rope-management; and when you come to the last item on the syllabus, nursery training in safe rock climbing, it is clear that even the most abrupt declivities of Hampstead Heath are not enough. But as the climax of a week's hard study of mountaineering, nursery training in safe rock climbing—! *Nursery! SAFE!*

Well, here it was in action. Leaving the easy way, by which father, mother and little Llewellyn had almost completed their ascent, we came to the safe rocks. The Slabs, they were called, and they appeared to the unpractised eye to be entirely vertical and entirely smooth. The instructor pointed out the three usual routes followed in climbing them; they were known, he said, as



Faith, Hope and Charity, for obvious reasons. Some distance up Charity three young men, most satisfactorily roped together, clung to the surface like electricians working on a neon-sign, only farther up.

You cannot conveniently play through on a mountain as you can on a golf-course, so the instructor decided to give his nursery instruction on Hope. He picked out three young ladies to make the first ascent with him, and sent the rest of the students off to practise something by themselves. He and the chosen three looped hemp waist-lines around their middles, and then joined themselves together with enormous lengths of beautiful nylon rope.

The instructor then stood at the foot of the safe rock and patted it affectionately with his outstretched hands. Perhaps he muttered a spell at the same time; for a moment later he ran nimbly up the almost vertical surface in exactly the manner of Dracula coming home from his midnight depredations. We looked at him in dismay; he might as well try to give his charges nursery instruction in raising safe spirits from the vasty deep, we thought; but the three young lady students were unaffected. "Of course, we shan't do it as fast as that," was all they said.

At the end of the first lap (or "pitch"), the instructor tied (or "belayed") his rope to a convenient knob of rock with a bowline. "Do you——?" we asked one of the students, remembering the trouble we used to have as a Cub. "I used to be a Girl Guide," she reassured us.

"Now you, Miss Wilberforce," called the instructor from his niche, and the first of the students addressed the safe rock of Hope. She had not the cat-like agility of her mentor, nor was she quite so clever at using her toes to the exclusion of her knees; but up she went

in her fashion. When in due course she reached the stance from which the instructor had directed her efforts, it was difficult to restrain a burst of applause. Difficult for us, at least; the instructor had already moved on to the next stance higher up the rock. "Sort out your rope now, Miss Wilberforce," he told her from the heaven, or near it; and then, looking down to our level, "Now you come up to Miss Wilberforce, Miss Meredith," he requested.

Leaving these dizzy antics, we moved off to see how the rest of the class were amusing themselves, and found them practising a manoeuvre called the *abseil*. This involves hitching your rope around your legs in a special way known only to mountaineers and jumping over a precipice. "Did it without a safety-rope that time," called out a student at the bottom to a student at the top. So this was nursery training in safe rock climbing. . . .

The point is of course that it is safe if you go about it the right way. Conversely, it is most unsafe if you go about it the wrong way; and since people insist on climbing mountains one way or the other, it is as well that they should do it properly. After the appalling accidents on Snowdon at Easter, the Caernarvon coroner said "These mountains were invaded by an army of novices more equipped for a day out on Hampstead Heath than for the rigours of these mountains. I have spoken to several leading climbing experts . . . and told them that the fraternity must exercise some sort of control from within."

This is where the Mountaineering Association comes in. It is the Mountaineering Association that organized the course we have just been watching. They are a non-profit-making concern, and their

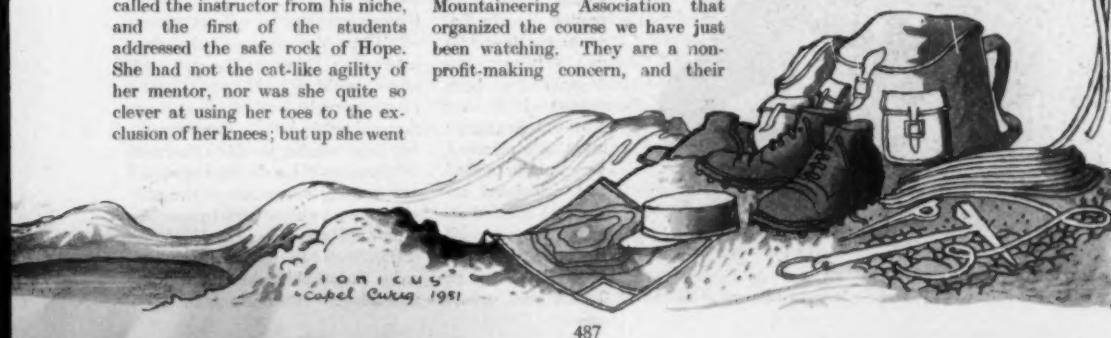
only object is to ensure that as many people as possible may enjoy the delights of mountain-climbing, and as few people as possible may be fetched from their homes to clamber over remote snow-covered slopes in search of those who have come to grief through inexperience.

During the current year they are running forty-three courses. They are not all for beginners like Miss Wilberforce and Miss Meredith, naturally; there are intermediate and advanced courses as well, and courses in ski-mountaineering for those who fancy this variation.

Instruction is given not only in North Wales but in the Lake District, in Scotland, the Alps, the Dolomites, Norway; and it costs amazingly little. The students we have been watching will have paid thirty-five shillings each, plus a five-shilling registration fee; for the more advanced courses the fees are rather higher, since an instructor can cope with fewer pupils on a hard course than on an easy one. Moreover, because mountaineers have a penchant for passing nights in huts and generally living hard, accommodation is fairly cheap too.

Later the Mountaineering Association aims to provide permanent training schools, for which an appeal for twenty-five thousand pounds has been launched. No one would try to drive a car without first having lessons; so why should they try to climb mountains, a much harder pursuit? For those who won't take the trouble to learn, there is always an easy way up a mountain; and, alas, an even easier way down.

B. A. YOUNG



AT THE PICTURES

Halls of Montezuma—Father's Little Dividend

THE strength of *Halls of Montezuma* (Director: LEWIS MILESTONE) is in its spectacular action scenes. This is an appeal to the U.S. Marines ("From the halls-of-Mon-te-zoo-coma" is the beginning of the Marines' marching song) and it does examine a good many individual Marines personally, but it is best, and often very impressive, when it takes the broad view. There is some magnificent colour work not only in the big sweeping vistas of attack by sea and air on a Japanese-held Pacific island but also in the somewhat nearer shots of a company of men in action on the island, and the patrol from that company that goes out to get prisoners. The trouble comes with the close and, of course, psychological scrutiny of individuals and the steamy emotional rhetoric of some of the things they may be heard, when we get near enough, to say. The principal character is a Lieutenant (RICHARD WIDMARK) who from time to time is almost incapacitated by what he calls psychological meye-grain; one member of the company is a youth who is cured of fear by the same methods that cured his stammering, and afterwards dies to the faint sound (I could hardly believe my ears) of

off-screen organ music; and—it's not unfair to add—so on. Lighter moments too, of course, are dutifully contrived: there is a sergeant with REGINALD GARDINER's English accent who smokes cigarettes in a long holder and is indulged ("It's the only reason you're not in the brig," says the Colonel) because he is an expert on the Japanese. The picture is superb technically and even among the small points there is probably much more of the good than the regrettable, but its broad effects are the most successful and worth seeing. Footnote: it is, I believe, by far the noisiest war film I ever encountered.

I recommended *Father of the Bride*, but I failed to write at length about it; I forget why. This being so, it is hardly justifiable to say much more about its sequel, *Father's Little Dividend* (Director: VINCENTE MINNELLI), which is a determined and very skilful but inevitably weaker attempt to repeat

every one of its effects with—if I may say so—ribbons on. Inevitably weaker, partly because that is the trouble with all sequels, partly because the first film was from the original (in both senses) book by EDWARD STREETER and this is merely a very accomplished and calculated reworking of his characters, played by all the same people. It is really SPENCER TRACY who carries

Chemical Warfare
The Lieutenant—RICHARD WIDMARK

this one, as he carried the other. Without belittling the expert efficiency of the Goodrich-Hackett script or the supreme competence of the director and the other players, in particular JOAN BENNETT, one can still say it is the large, strong, easy, humorous personality of Mr. TRACY that illumines, warms and gives a sort of spurious value to the whole picture. "Spurious" may seem a hard word, but the fact remains that the pleasure to be got from the film is almost exclusively the simple, empty one of recognition: the badgered father describes and displays what he goes through as an impending grandparent, and the audience laughs at a heightened and exaggerated version of circumstances of which they have nearly all had some direct or indirect experience. It's too sentimental and its tints are too rosy, but it is very amusing.

* * * * *
Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

When this appears, the most interesting thing in London will almost certainly be MARCEL CARNE's classic comedy *Drôle de Drame*—its first public showing in this country.

Top release is *The Browning Version* (4/4/51), a distinguished and entertaining expansion of the play with an excellent performance by MICHAEL REDGRAVE. *Fourteen Hours* (21/3/51) is an unusual suspense story, admirably done and quite absorbing. RICHARD MALLETT



(Father's Little Dividend)

War of Attrition
Stanley Banks—SPENCER TRACY



(Halls of Montezuma)

CENSUS AND SENSIBILITY

AN extensive poll carried out by this paper discloses the fact that 93 per cent of all Heads of Households experienced a sense of frustration when admitting to the Registrar-General that they had the exclusive use of their own kitchen sinks. This figure will be broken down at a later stage and the results tabulated to show extent of trauma, number of years spent in scullery, etc. Meanwhile the immediate conclusion to be drawn is that the public are not yet aware of the importance that an apparently trivial fact can acquire (a) when multiplied by a sufficiently large number or (b) when taken in conjunction with other details not superficially related.

As to (a), it will here be sufficient to state that one exclusive sink multiplied by five thousand becomes not merely five thousand exclusive sinks but (it may well be) a *surplusage of sinks in Wandsworth*—a very different kettle of fish. By a similar transmutation, a shared sink may grow, in the hands of a skilled enumerator, into a deficiency of sinks in, let us say, Penge. It is true that no large scale redistribution of sinks can be contemplated, as the 1951 Economic Survey shows, so long as factors beyond the Government's control keep increasing at such an alarming rate. But there the information is, should anybody ever happen to want it—ready to be plotted out in the form of graphs or reproduced on regional maps in coloured chalks.

When we come to consider (b), it is even easier to show how valuable information about fixtures and fittings can be when collated by experts with other entries on the same form.

Mr. John D. Smith, for instance, appears, in the "Examples of Completed Schedules" on the Census Form, as Managing Director of the Hercules Insurance Company. He continued his education (as readers who have failed to hand over their Census Forms can check for themselves) until the age of twenty-three and is now a married man of fifty, with a daughter at a good school in

Kent and a son of twelve at a day school in Surbiton. Mr. Smith married a French widow whom he met on a holiday in Brittany in (I think) 1933 and, on their marriage a year later, she brought her son by her first husband (a M. Duval) to live with them at "The Lodge"—a residence not unworthy of a managing director, for, in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Smith and the three children, it houses a full-time resident cook and (at the moment) Mr. Harold E. Dickson of Maine, U.S.A., a visiting medical student. Harold is there, one surmises, as a friend of Mr. Smith's stepson (his daughter Ann, after all, is only just fifteen), and will not, it is to be hoped, prove a bad influence on young Paul Duval. A twenty-three-year-old American medical student, with money enough to come over on a visit to this country, is not perhaps the ideal companion for a nineteen-year-old booking clerk of French extraction.

That apart, the picture that emerges is of a contented well-to-do business man, returning every evening from Cheapside to the comfort of a pleasant suburban house and the friendly chatter of young people. From the kitchen, where Mrs. Blake is busy at the stove, comes an appetising smell of cooking...

Or does it? We are now in the realm of conjecture, for the "Examples of Completed Schedules" end at Column 8, leaving Mr. Smith's Household Arrangements for Water Supply, Cooking, etc. (Col. T) undetermined. I assume the existence of a stove, not caring to believe that a widow of fifty-four would consent to cook for seven on a gas-ring. But the point I want to make is that the Registrar-General does not have to assume—he *knows*.

Suppose it turns out that Mr. John D. Smith, for all his outward appearance of ease and affluence, has *no fixed bath*. Instantly the elaborate façade crumbles and behind it we catch a glimpse (the Registrar catches a glimpse, that is to say) of a depressed middle-class family educating their children at

who knows what personal sacrifice, of pride swallowed for the sake of the few guineas a week that Mr. Dickson pays for his room, of Mr. Smith struggling desperately to make both ends meet in a hip bath, while Mrs. Blake toils up the carpetless stairs with yet another can of cooling water.

Observe the painless delicacy with which "The Lodge" is made to give up its grisly secrets. Here are no brutal questions about source and amount of income—such as marred, for example, last year's census papers in the United States. (Heads of Households may like, by the way, to note the following three questions taken, not quite at random, from the U.S. form:

What were you doing last week?

If you worked last week, how many hours did you work?

Last year (1949), did you do any work at all, not counting work around the house?

Not counting work around the house, eh? What do you think of that, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Smith?)

Let us, then, praise the tact and subtlety of our own authorities, freely admitting that every inquiry on the Census Form is carefully thought out and has a serious purpose. Or isn't that admitted? If it isn't, I am willing to go at some length into the question of Shared Taps. H. F. ELLIS



YOICKS ST. VITUS

Being the Fourth Instalment of a Probe into the Literary Village

EVEN so stubbornly English a community as Yoicks St. Vitus cannot hope to escape the enthusiasm for the manner of the great Russians which periodically inflames the literary world. The attacks are sudden, and brief; a chill wind blows out of the east and a greyish mildew spreads inexorably over all non-moving objects. Concomitant phenomena are the lowering of the sky and a general dankness.

The villagers are well aware of their obligations. Their faces assume expressions of brutish indifference. They put the clothes-line and the tin of weed-killer and other aids to self-immolation in a handy place. They avoid the Bagamatcher's Arms in favour of solitary debacles on nettle beer. The landlord, Joe Mumbles, sends for a locum named Matthias—a craggy person who drives his few clients from his door with bitter curses—and retires to his haunted couch with a bottle of slivovitz. The parlours of the village are full of men and women talking at random, and at dusk the churchyard is packed with young men who beat their heads against the tombstones and cry out in the anguish of their nameless longings.

Criminal detection, normally a basic industry, comes virtually to a standstill. It is no longer a question of "who done it?" but of who didn't do it, since every crime, even

of a minor nature like grievous bodily harm or arson, provokes a crop of confessions. Most of the usual investigators go away, leaving the field to one or two specialists whose methods are original, if obscure. They follow their suspects everywhere—into pigsties, across marshes, through sewage farms—and the suspects, who of course are mad keen to be caught, leave clues in profusion. The chase ends with a lengthy philosophical disputation, after which pursuer and pursued join hands and leap into the *weir*.

To some residents the recurrence of the Slavonic Gloom comes as a welcome change. Hugo Pointdevice, Master of the local pack, who has always regarded himself as a wicked squire *manqué*, sends at once to his wine merchant for a case of vodka and exchanges his riding crop for a home-made knout. The literary clique (of whom more hereafter) are strangely affected. Paul Cherry, delighted with a state of affairs so in tune with his natural melancholy, grows a weedy beard and, remembering Tchaikovsky's recipe for inspiration, makes a practice of standing up to his neck in the village pond for hours on end. The poetry of Adhemar Clwyd becomes less and less intelligible (it was during one of these visitations that he produced "Fungoids," an elegy written entirely in question marks), and the poet himself discards his normal garb in favour of a garment made from two potato sacks and some string. Even Lionel Mantling is not exempt. The solitary morella in his garden becomes "my cherry orchard," and his *gustas* are never invited for less than a month.

An air of expectancy pervades the village; they wait for something to happen. But nothing ever does. Only the wind blows, the sky lowers. Conversation is pregnant—what with, no one knows.

"Next year the wind will strip the leaves from the cherry tree, Hugo Pointdevice."

"The new leaves will come with the spring, Elfsgiva Fruit, and in

time the wind will blow them away also."

"Is it always like this, Hugo Pointdevice?"

"Elfsgiva Fruit, it is always like this."

The speakers feel that something, somewhere, has been said; some frontier has been crossed. They know that nothing can ever be as it was before. They hover on the brink of terrifying self-knowledge.

Fortunately, at this point, the maid enters with the samovar.

Something did nearly happen one year, when a gang of nihilists, attracted by the familiar atmosphere, decided to establish their headquarters in Yoicks St. Vitus. Their plans for destroying that symbol of imperial despotism, the post-office counter in Amos Gird's shop, were about to mature when they were interrupted by their old enemies, "Poodle" St. Clair and Basil Moncontour.

"Poodle" and Basil do not live in Yoicks, but they flash through occasionally in their incredibly fast cars, in hot pursuit of some super-felon beyond the reach of the ordinary processes of law. "Poodle" and Basil are clean-cut, clean-limbed, clean-living chaps, terribly fit and terribly strong. They show to best advantage when, tied hand and foot with copper wire, they are imprisoned in a welded steel box at the bottom of a disused mine shaft which is rapidly filling with sulphuric acid. They were at school with Adhemar Clwyd, and their jaws set in a grim line at the mention of his name. One of them is engaged to Meriel Fruit. It does not matter which, as Meriel cannot tell them apart.

These Russian epochs end on a cheerful note, with the arrival in the village of either a travelling vaudeville show or a reinforcement of hearties for the west wing of the hall. The mildew vanishes, the sky stops lowering, the wind drops six points on the Beaufort scale, and all is extrovert again.

(To be continued)





"What a ridiculous place to put flags, anyway."



"Hundreds of pounds on window displays, and all they do is shove a couple of pups in theirs."

THE STAGE FRIEND

THE confidant was a familiar figure of the old-fashioned theatre. She was a listener. The stage friend of the modern theatre is quite a different character. She, or he, gives advice.

Stage friends are always very wise and very likeable, and they are always unmarried. The male friend has never married because he has always been in love with the leading lady and has followed her with dog-like devotion through all her escapades, and is always ready to offer advice both to her and to her children. If she be a widow (and she generally is) the stage friend is always ready to propose marriage. It is a great joke between them that he has proposed forty times. But the leading lady never accepts him, because she knows that that would put an end to his dog-like devotion, and then what would she do when her son cashed a worthless cheque, or her daughter fell in love with the gas man? The stage friend must always be standing by for such emergencies, for his advice is unfailing.

The woman stage friend has remained single for a different reason. There was a time—but why recall painful memories? Suffice it to say that she is a woman of deep understanding and can always be relied on to invent some plot to enable the daughter to overcome her father's objection to the love-affair with the gardener (who is really a very decent fellow and the heir to a

baronetcy, as the stage friend soon finds out with her wonderful nose for a happy ending). The woman stage friend has plenty of time to spend on resolving all these problems, for she has no profession and nothing in the world to do except bustle about mending other people's troubles. She is a very cheerful person and can think out all sorts of entertaining ways of deceiving a guardian.

The man stage friend is usually a solicitor, less often a doctor, and is a much more serious character—indeed, it has always been a mystery why he should have allowed himself to be entrapped by the leading lady, whose only accomplishment (as everyone knows) is to rattle off a few pale little epigrams while handing crumpets across a dainty tea-table. It is a thousand pities that the kind-hearted fellow has never been allowed to meet a woman who would make him a good wife. If only he could marry the female stage friend what a remarkable combination of the virtues they would make! Unfortunately there never are two stage confidants in the same play. The leading lady sees to that. She knows well enough that if once the woman stage friend started exchanging confidences with the man stage friend there would be no more proposals for her, and, for all the two stage friends would care, her daughter might whistle for a way out of her entanglement with the milkman.

THE SINK GAME

EQUIPMENT

THE basic equipment for this game consists of a lump of tangled string on a stick or twisted wire, called the "mop"; one or more square pieces of material called the "dishcloth"; a basin of hot water and some crockery. For advanced Washing Up soap flakes may be dissolved in the water and one of the dishcloths may be replaced by a special cloth for glass. (In the latter case the players must agree, before play begins, on the penalty to be incurred for the use of the wrong cloth.)

PLAY

The OBJECT of the game is to pass a number of complete pieces of dirty china, glass or silver into the basin, thoroughly clean and dry them, and place them in cupboards in sets, each piece being still complete.

The METHOD of play is governed by the following rules:

Rule 1.—The game may be played by one or more players, but generally two or four are best. If four are playing the teams are divided as follows:

The Washer—the leader or pace-setter; uses the mop.
The Driers—two of these, each using one dishcloth.
The Putter—puts the things away.

Rule 2.—(a) The Washer and the Putter constitute the Home Team, the Driers being the Away Team. With only two players the Washer is also the Putter.

(b) If played with an opponent's crockery the Home Team should be selected from those owning the crockery.

Rule 3.—The game begins with the Home Team placing all the china, glass, silver, etc., known as the "dishes," on a table next to the basin and declaring the number of pieces in play.

NOTES.—(a) The number of pieces may be varied at the discretion of the Home Team, but it must be agreed to by the Away players.

(b) Damaged pieces, or those of exceptional value, must be declared before the game commences.

Rule 4.—When the pieces have been counted the Drier(s) place as many as possible in the basin.

NOTE.—It is an advantage to the Away Team to put the pieces into the basin in such a way that particularly jammy or greasy plates are on the top.

Rule 5.—The game proceeds with the Washer, using the mop, soaking and wiping all the pieces in succession and placing them on a draining board near the Driers. The Away Team, using dishcloths, dry each piece separately (this is not essential in the case of knives or teaspoons) and place them on a table for the Putter. A Drier has the right to reject pieces which are not clean, and in the same way the Putter may reject any piece which is still wet.

Rule 6.—Penalties are incurred by any player who breaks a piece. The nature of these penalties should be decided upon before the game begins; some suggested ones are: (a) cleaning a saucepan, particularly one which has been used for making porridge, (b) cleaning out the waste-pipe of the sink.

NOTE.—Some Home Teams may suggest disqualifying a player for breakage. Experience has shown that this is no real deterrent.

Rule 7.—A piece will be deemed "chipped" rather than broken if it is still usable.

Rule 8.—The winners are the team who finish their task (including any penalty pots) first. The losers are usually the owners of the crockery.







REQUIEM FOR AN ANONYMOUS BENEFATOR

*SILVER BOTTLE, Fourpenny Buff,
Western Glory, Amber Fluff,
All the pleasing names of snuff
Laud (as is but just)
You who, in diadain or pique
Scorning taper and perique,
Dared inhale the primal tweak
Of the royal dust.*

Was it *Irish Toast* you took?
Golden Pheasant! *Bell and Book!*
Or did subtle *Carisbrooke*

First your nostrils tease!
Yet that pinch of blend unknown,
Pungent on the zephyrs blown,
Set you firm upon your throne
Lord of them that sneeze!

Hence in gratitude and praise
Tribute every vassal pays
Whether he take *Bordelaise*,

Rose or *Blunderbuss*.
Not with Bacchic lyre or drum
Chant we your encomium,
But with precious-laden thumb
We salute you—thus.

Vale! May you find repose
Where the scent of *Brown Trevose*
Sweetly titillates the nose

In your *Avalon*.
Kendal Castle, Parson's Gruff,
Rappee, Tonquin, Chapman's Rough,
All the lovely names of snuff
Be your benison.





THANK YOU, AMERICA!

Occasionally, I am sorry to say, you hear it stated, by people who should know better, that American help to Europe is no more than the propping up of a tired partner for commercial and strategic reasons. Next time you meet one of these cynics, murmur "CARE." Tell him that in the last five years ordinary American citizens, with nothing in their hearts more complicated than disinterested kindness, have paid one hundred million dollars for the dispatch to Europe, and more recently to Asia, of ten million large packages containing food and other necessities of which the war-worn countries were short. History has nothing to match the scale of such sustained private generosity. It is easy enough in the sudden release of peace to raise enthusiasm for short-term benefactions; but that the flow should continue steadily for five years, and still show little sign of faltering, is indeed a tribute to the warmth of American idealism.

The magic carpet that has conveyed what reads like a shopping list from Brobdingnag is CARE, the

letters standing for "Co-operative for American Remittances to Europe." It is a non-profit-making, Government-approved, agency, backed by twenty-six American welfare bodies and by all the stars in Washington from the President downwards. As soon as communications with Europe were restored in 1945 large numbers of Americans wished to share their plenty with less fortunate friends abroad. A channel was needed. Its rough pattern already existed in the service which Mr. Hoover had organized after the first war. And so, in November 1945, CARE was born, its original stock being a pile of surplus Army "ten-in-one" emergency packages.

Before CARE would arrange a contract with any country two vital points had to be agreed: its deliveries had to be accepted duty-free, and rations must not be affected by the receipt of a package. France signed first. We came in much later, in the spring of 1947. Altogether seventeen European countries have benefited. Putting politics before sense those behind

the Iron Curtain have gradually dropped out, Czechoslovakia being the last to go, in 1950; but a month afterwards Yugoslavia, hit hard by a disastrous drought, welcomed CARE at last. In 1948 CARE's activities spread to Asia, in particular to Japan, India and Pakistan. In Western Europe Germany is easily the biggest customer. Austria beats Britain by a short head (120,000 packages) for second place, and next comes France.

The stock of "ten-in-ones," a godsend at the start, soon ran out. CARE then set up its own packing plant in Philadelphia, and began to buy in bulk and to give special attention to the requirements of



different countries. Its machinery works like this. Suppose a kind fellow in Ohio—we'll call him Mr. Goodman—wants to help three old friends on this side. He goes to his nearest CARE office and selects three types of parcel. One of his friends in English, so he decides to send him the "All-Meat" at \$11.50 (this contains nearly fourteen pounds of mixed meats, and forms forty per cent of CARE parcels to Britain); another is a Jew in Israel, who gets the "Kosher Food" at \$18.25; the third is a girl, and her parcel is the "Knitting Wool" at \$13. Mr. Goodman doesn't see his presents; his orders are sent, via CARE's H.Q. in New York, to the countries in question, where the parcels are already held in stock. In England and Wales British Road Services collects them at the docks and keeps them in its warehouses, dispatching daily on orders sent out by CARE's London office. The date of dispatch is stamped on a card, which goes back to Mr. Goodman. Delivery is guaranteed. His gifts will be on his friends' doorsteps within a month. Should he happen to be one of those large-hearted people who appear to crop up richly in the States, and just wish to make a general gesture of friendship to Europe, he can either pay for a parcel and leave its destination to CARE, or he can specify the sort of recipient dearest to his own tastes, such as a Greek village schoolmaster or a travelling harpist in Norway. And if the cost of a whole parcel is beyond Mr. Goodman's means—and ten dollars is a lot of money—he can make any contribution he likes to a general fund.

Since CARE buys skilfully and in great quantity the value it offers is considerably above the price of parcels. The "Knitting Wool," for instance, at \$13 would cost in American shops about \$19; the "Blanket" at \$11 is worth nearly \$15. Thus the sender gets more for his money while being saved all the bother of dispatch.

CARE has nobly lived up to its name in the special pains it has taken to get the right things to the right places. As national circumstances change, the contents of

parcels are constantly revised. Nearly all are rationed goods, but within this limitation much imagination has been shown, and the habits of different kitchens have not been forgotten. Green bean coffee and spaghetti go to the Greeks and Yugoslavs, and for the Italians, who prefer to make their own *pasta*, there are six blessed pounds of flour. The four-dollar "Lard" would reduce any housewife to tears of gratitude, and for the Mr. Goodmans who can't afford a big parcel and who like to know what they are sending there is the "Budget Food" at \$6.95, suited to most palates. Other contents in a long and ingenious list are "Baby Food," "Layette," and "Household Linen," and parcels for the Far East contain special foods and cotton.

But CARE is even more thoughtful than that. For the small farmers of Greece, India and Pakistan it supplies a set of hand tools at \$10, and an excellent hand plough at \$17.50. It has sent vegetable seeds to Europe. With the help of the American Legion it distributes toys to children's institutions; last Christmas British children were given fifty tons! Wherever there is an emergency—a mining disaster, an unexpectedly bad winter, a crop

failure—CARE's admirably elastic system, working through experts on the spot, is ready to step in and help, solidly. And this help isn't only physical. With the advice of UNESCO, CARE dispatches technical books in English, and scientific

equipment to libraries and laboratories bombed or out of touch through the war, and now it has a scheme by which American children can send books to brighten nurseries across the Atlantic.

All this really astonishing generosity sounds like a fairy tale in a world grown grim again. It has all been done so quietly, with no blasts on the trumpet, that I doubt if the public over here is in the least aware of the volume of gifts we have received. If the phrase "men of good will" means anything it applies to these countless Americans who might so easily, at their distance, have left our frying pans dry and our larders dejected. To me the wonderful thing, apart from the comfort to be drawn from the existence of such friends, is that CARE, a venture on a huge scale run with the utmost efficiency, has time for the charming personal touch. When the New York Public Library recently gained an award for its services this went through CARE, in the form of packages, to the staff of the British Museum.

1949 was the peak year. Since then supplies as a whole have tapered off slightly, though they have not done so here or in many other countries. Thanks partly to



failure—CARE's admirably elastic system, working through experts on the spot, is ready to step in and help, solidly. And this help isn't only physical. With the advice of UNESCO, CARE dispatches technical books in English, and scientific

the Advertising Council of America, which keeps our shortages before its public free of charge, Mr. Goodman and his kind are still stepping up cheerfully. But from what one has come to know of him he scarcely needs reminding. ERIC KEOWN

DRAMATIC INTERLUDE

MR. CHUBB, who had been silent for a good half-hour, stirred in the big armchair and cleared his throat.

"Ah, Rose!" he said, looking across at Mrs. Chubb. "It seems only yesterday that we walked hand in hand through Sefton Park and sat awhile to listen to the band."

Mrs. Chubb looked up from one of Mr. Chubb's socks, and frowned suspiciously.

"And now, here we are," Mr. Chubb went on, with a broad gesture. "And I am forty-six and you are forty-three."

Mrs. Chubb broke off a length of darning wool.

"I remember your white jabot," said Mr. Chubb, "and the poppies

on your hat. And now, as you know, our son Harry is twenty, and already shows promise as a violinist."

Mrs. Chubb regarded him curiously for a moment, and then held the darning needle up to the light.

"He is upstairs at the moment," proceeded Mr. Chubb, "shaving. His friend Hugh Symington is calling for him, is he not, and they have tickets for a music-hall?"

Mrs. Chubb deliberately put down the sock, and the wool, and the needle. Then she sat back in her chair, folding her arms, and watched him, fascinated.

"What a pity we have no great opinion of Hugh!" said Mr. Chubb. "Do you remember, Rose, at breakfast this morning, how you tried to

persuade Harry that Hugh is not a desirable companion? I remember it well."

"Do you really?" said Mrs. Chubb, nodding.

"Then there is our daughter, Myrtle," said Mr. Chubb. "She is just turned sixteen, is she not?"

Mrs. Chubb did not reply. She was tapping her foot lightly on the fender, and looking straight at him. He blushed slightly, and avoided her gaze.

"Just imagine," he went on. "She has been with that firm of lamp-shade manufacturers for three whole months now! I, of course, am the chief clerk in a shipping office, am I not?"

"Well," said Mrs. Chubb, "that's what you *tell* me. Just before we go any further, though, could you give me some idea of what this is all about?"

Mr. Chubb cleared his throat again, rather nervously.

"It occurs to me," he said, "that a play about us and our family and friends could be very interesting. The heart-aches, the triumphs: the laughter and the tears."

There was a short silence. Mrs. Chubb picked up the needle and threaded it coldly and efficiently.

"Would you please pass me the scissors?" said Mrs. Chubb.

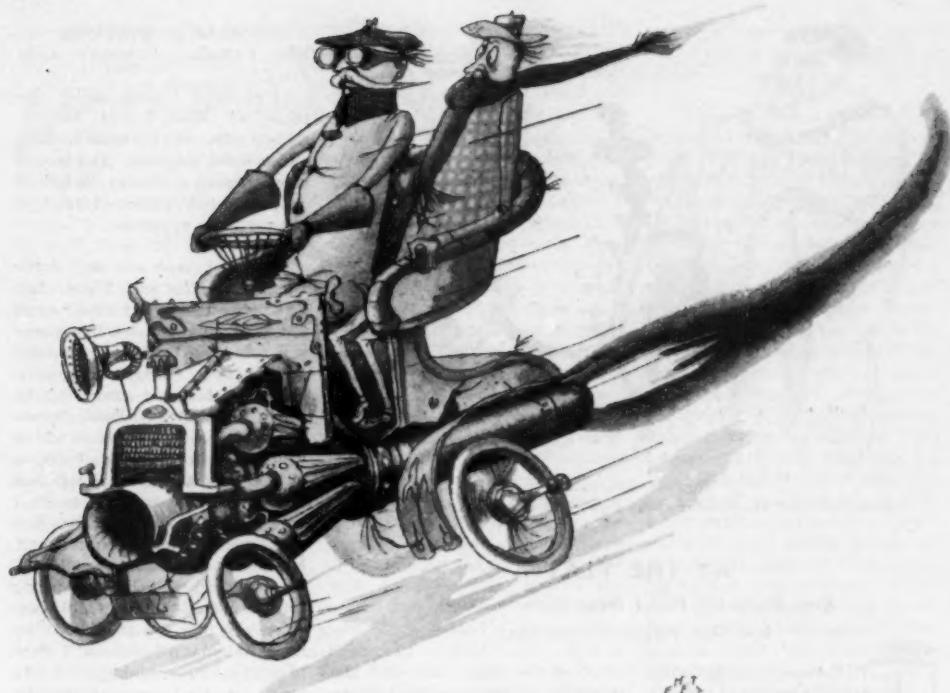
"What I'm doing," said Mr. Chubb, getting down on his knees to peer under the sofa, "is working out the dialogue for the opening of the first act. Of course, it would be better if we had a maid. But, failing that, I must talk to you."

"I see," said Mrs. Chubb. He handed her the scissors. "You have to let the audience know at the very start just what's what," he said, "in an easy, natural way."

"Do you, now?" said Mrs. Chubb.

"A man ought to have some constructive hobby," said Mr. Chubb, defensively. "Ah, Rose!" he went on, "I wonder if your sister, Helen, will call this evening? Her husband, Percy, as you know, had a fine war record and is now doing well as a greengrocer. Didn't you tell me that their daughter Jane is





E. H. T.

"No, same old car . . . new engine . . ."

taking ballet lessons! And for some weeks now our own daughter, Myrtle, has been hinting that she would like to do the same. Things will come to a head this evening, you mark my words. Ah! Is that the door bell I hear?"

Mrs. Chubb rolled the sock into a ball and stuck the needle into the arm of the chair. "The coal," she said, rising decisively, "is kept in the cellar, is it not?" She placed one hand on her chest. "Ah, Bruce!" she said. "Do you remember the lovely talk we had at tea, when I reminded you that unless you filled the scuttle there and then you would be sorry?"

Mr. Chubb sighed, and bent down for the coal scuttle, and the door bell rang again.

"And if I may be permitted an exit line," said Mrs. Chubb, pausing at the door, "our son Harry is nineteen. And I am not forty-three."

BACK ROOM JOYS

BEING ALONE IN THE HOUSE

THIS is a masculine pleasure
Too normal to women to treasure,
This being alone as a mouse
In our friendly house;
To roam through the dining-room, kitchen, the study,
the hall,
And feel in them all
The print of routine and the mould of domestic
affections—
Half fancy, half recollections
Of voices among them and movements, particular
poises;
The breathing of use, heard in our quietest ear.

Our folk will come back, with their noises;
Then this will disappear,
Affirmingly fade,
Too frail to compete with the real.
Till they do, let us sit here and feel,
Let us walk there and know, let us roam
This sensible air, this warm, this companioning shade—
This "our" in our home. JUSTIN RICHARDSON



[King Henry IV, Part I]

Outlook Unsettled

Henry IV—MR. HARRY ANDREWS; Falstaff—MR. ANTHONY QUAYLE

AT THE PLAY

King Henry IV, Part I (STRATFORD-ON-AVON)

Who Goes There! (VAUDEVILLE)

THE second play in Stratford's historical cycle is *King Henry IV, Part I*, and in an even production by Mr. JOHN KIDD and Mr. ANTHONY QUAYLE the vexed fortunes of the crown are not overshadowed by *Falstaff*. Mr. QUAYLE, who plays the old ruffian himself, does so on a subdued note that leaves the character incomplete but yet within its limits effective. Even in his cups this *Falstaff* seems past enjoyment. He is a very tired old man, badly gone in the legs as well as the conscience, whom Mr. QUAYLE has submerged behind an elaborate clown-like mask of make-up that is a sad barrier to gusto. This surely is a mistake; but though he doesn't dominate the stage he remains interesting because Mr. QUAYLE gives him a blimpish authority (so that you feel he could have made his mark in affairs if he had wished) and also an incisive delivery in which the irony is excellently timed.

Mr. REDGRAVE's *Hotspur* is, I believe, the best thing he has done. It is impetuous and charmingly

naive at the same time, and the stammer is omitted for a very difficult dialect which they say is Northumbrian. Mr. REDGRAVE sounds like a Scotstman who has stayed too long in Boulogne, and it comes off marvellously without a falter. Mr. HARRY ANDREWS has here skilfully toned down his resolute *Bolingbroke* of the earlier play into a man nearly worn out by the anxieties of uneasy kingship; and a recruit to Stratford, Mr. RICHARD BURTON, shows himself ready for the crown when shortly the company plays *Henry V*. His *Prince* is as subdued as *Falstaff* in the tavern scenes, but he has immense sincerity and his slow awakening to his destiny is finely managed.

Unless fairly soon he abandons his splendid impersonations of minor prophets (and not so minor) Mr. HUGH GRIFFITH will be kidnapped by Oberammergau; his oracular *Glendower* is impressive, and his scene with the two pairs of lovers the most moving of the whole production. Many of the lesser parts are well taken, especially Mr. ALAN BADEL's *Poins*, Miss ROSALIND

ATKINSON's *Mistress Quickly*, and Miss BARBARA JEFFORD's *Lady Percy*.

I'm afraid I must qualify my praise of Miss TANYA MOISEIWITSCH's set, which is to be used for all the historical plays. At a second view its heavy symmetry, its lack of depth and the number of its steps become more apparent.

When I reviewed Mr. JOHN DIGHTON's *Who Goes There!* last September I hoped it would come to London from Windsor Repertory, and now, tuned up, it has arrived safely. It is gentle comedy with good situations and enough wit to carry them; and that a Dublin housemaid enjoys a brief romance with a young swell in St. James's Palace is all you need to know, except that Mr. JOHN COUNSELL has handled with real cunning an excellent cast which includes Miss FRANCES ROWE, Mr. NIGEL PATRICK, Mr. H. G. STOKER, and a delightful young actress, Miss GERALDINE MC EWAN. When this play was at Windsor her name was MACKEOWNS, and I want to go on record as thinking that very nearly too good a name to change.

Recommended

For a play with depth, *Point of Departure* (Duke of York's). For a musical, *Kiss Me, Kate* (Coliseum). For laughter, *Seagulls over Sorrento* (Apollo). And for a family outing, *Lace on Her Petticoat* (Ambassadors).

ERIC KEOWN



[Who Goes There!]

Outlook Bright
Christina Deed—
MISS GERALDINE MC EWAN

AT THE BALLET

Daphnis and Chloe
(COVENT GARDEN)

Pineapple Poll (SADLER'S WELLS)

FROM time to time the mystic quality of clothes is forced upon our attention. There are two kinds of clothes; some are the product of human industry, and some are woven in the realms of the imagination. When the two kinds happen to correspond—as when we find the Perfect Spring Hat—our delight is boundless. But reality usually falls short of the ideal. We know the unhappy feeling engendered by the sight of slacks and sweaters in the stalls; but until the other evening we had never experienced the peculiar anguish produced by the intrusion of trousers into Arcadia.

Trousers carry with them the implication of daily toil. But the Shepherds of Arcady do not toil. They sit on rocks or flower-strewn hillocks, play on reed pipes, and indulge in dancing and amorous play with Nymphs and Shepherdesses. The one thing they never do is look after sheep. The six handsome and agile young men parading on the stage at Covent Garden behave like Shepherds, for they never toil but spend their time dancing with six unquestionable Shepherdesses dressed in Arcadian hues. They are also described in the programme as Shepherds, and we of course believe whatever we are told in print; but we rise in revolt at seeing them wearing trousers. They are, it is true, very pretty trousers—pink, with blue stripes—but they have no right to be there.

These unhappy trousers, with their accompanying shirts, cast the only shadow upon our enjoyment of a wholly delightful ballet. *Daphnis and Chloe* is based upon Fokine's original plan. The music is by RAVEL, the choreography by FREDERICK ASHTON. *Chloe* is a Shepherdess (in pink) who is loved by *Daphnis* (in dazzling trousers). Jealous rivals, and a band of Pirates, try to part them, but they are reunited by *Pan* and the Nymphs. RAVEL's score is a masterpiece; but though it was written as

a ballet it is not theatre music at all. It is an exquisite and self-sufficient symphonic poem, full of RAVEL's peculiar magic, remote, clear and cold. It would seem almost impossible to devise any satisfactory stage action for such music, because its powers of evocation depend upon this icy coldness; but Mr. ASHTON's insight and sense of style have not failed him. Even the sensuous dance of *Daphnis* and *Lykanion* is cold; and the beautiful dance of *Chloe* in the last scene, to the music of a flute, when she is reunited with *Daphnis*, is strangely remote. She expresses her rapture in movements of the arms and hands which are invested by MARCO FONTENY with the flashing joyousness of water sparkling in the sunshine. The dance of *Daphnis* in the first scene is equally lovely to look at; so are the friezes in the votive dance to the Nymphs; while the ferocious dances of the Pirates, and in particular of ALEXANDER GRANT as *Bryaxis*, are in excellent contrast, though they inevitably remind one of the Polovtsian dances from "Prince Igor." JOHN CRAXTON's settings are pleasantly in keeping with the music; the only question is whether, with a score as evocative as this, the merest suggestion of scenery, or none at all, would not have been still better. The lighting is a little harsh, and it is disturbing to see *Pan* dancing on a dark stage while RAVEL's pearly dawn-music is

sounding in one's ears. But *Daphnis and Chloe* is a ballet not to be missed.

Pineapple Poll at Sadler's Wells is an entertaining and high-spirited frolic. The plot is adapted from one of the Bab Ballads, "The Bumboat Woman's Story," a nautical tale set in Portsmouth according to which all the Portsmouth maidens, including *Pineapple Poll*, have deserted their sailor sweethearts for love of the devastating *Captain Belaye*. *Pineapple Poll*, like the rest of the love-sick maidens, buys herself "an oilskin hat and a second-hand suit of slops" and signs on as a member of the crew of H.M.S. *Hot Cross Bun* commanded by her charmer. He, however, not only frightens his timid crew nearly out of their wits by firing off guns from *joie de vivre*, but appears on board with a brand-new wife, to the chagrin of them all. So they all return to their sweethearts and *Pineapple Poll* to the arms of *Jasper*, the pot-boy. DAVID POOLE gives a touching performance as *Jasper* (who seems to be a near relative of *Petrouchka*), while ELAINE FIFIELD and DAVID BLAIR as *Pineapple Poll* and *Captain Belaye* are excellent. The music is a cheerful and apt selection from the Savoy Operas, SULLIVAN's copyright having at last expired. OSBERT LANCASTER's décor and costumes have the right Gilbertian touch.

D. C. B.



"You do that again and I'll have you child-guided!"



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

Monday, April 9th

There was no doubt about it—it was (as Mr. MORRISON once put it) a "fair cop."

House of Commons: Trapped! The Government was caught napping and, in this evenly balanced House of Commons, defeat in the division lobby was the inevitable consequence.

As a matter of fact the superstitious (if such there be among politicians) might have suspected that something would happen. Early in the day Mr. NOEL-BAKER, the Fuel Minister, was grilled about slate and other foreign matter in nationalized coal. It was this subject that produced a Government defeat some months ago. But Mr. N.-B. survived the grilling and the House passed on to listen to a recital of the latest increase in costs, this time from Mr. ALFRED BARNES, Transport Minister, the rise being in railway freight rates. Mr. CHURCHILL said the increase of ten per cent constituted a serious new tax and he would want a debate on it later.

And so to a quiet and chatty discussion on ironstone, leaseholds and—cheese. The House was two-thirds empty all the time, and the mere mention of a division would have produced incredulous laughter, such a band of brothers were the happy few who occupied the breach. Major SPENCE nonchalantly moved a Prayer against a Government Order cutting the cheese ration from 3 oz. to 2 oz. a week. He said it was very wrong—but he said it in tones so gentle that Mr. WILLEY, of the Food Ministry, almost beamed. Then Mr. JOHN BOYD-CARPENTER, who can be very tough, got up and seconded, in the silky soothing tones of an experienced doctor dealing with a nervous patient.

Indeed, it was all so gentle that Mr. WILLEY thanked the Opposition for moving the Prayer—actually *thanked* them! The Government Back-benchers, spread thinly over

the House, surveyed the even more thinly-populated Opposition benches with equanimity. Miss HOSBRUGH wound up gently, still with no hint of trouble for the Government. Then the motion was put, and the Government side sat up, startled, as a roar of "*Aye!*" came from the Opposition benches, challenging a vote. Still, it would probably be all right . . .

But then (when the clanging of the division bells had made retreat impossible) Tory reinforcements arrived from everywhere and nowhere.

They came in swirls and eddies,



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. Younger
Minister of State (Grimbsy)

in floods and cascades, until it was plain to the most casual observer that the Government was outvoted. Mr. MORRISON strode in and sat, arms folded, on the Treasury Bench. A subdued and silent remnant of the Ministerial army sat behind him.

Major SPENCE hurried excitedly in, to be handed the paper announcing the result of the vote. This meant that his side had won, and there was an exultant roar from the Opposition. Result: for the Government, 219; against, 237.

When the cheers and cries of "*Resign!*" had died down a little, Captain HARRY CROOKSHANK, senior Opposition Member present, asked what the Government proposed to do in view of the defeat. Mr. MORRISON, unfolding his arms, replied briskly and correctly that it proposed to accept the decision of

the House. And then everybody went home, delighted or downcast as the case might be.

Tuesday, April 10th

When Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, walked

House of Commons: Budget Day jauntily into the House at precisely 3.29½ this

afternoon, there was a great roar of slightly-apprehensive welcome from both sides of the Chamber. Mr. G. smiled a kind of non-committal smile and surveyed the two carafes that had been placed on the Table for him, one containing (it appeared) water, the other some reddish fluid which, later, he said "looked like orangeade." Mrs. G., up in the Gallery, looked on approvingly as her popular husband rose to open his first Budget.

Half-hidden behind the Chair was Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, who did not join in the acclamation. He stood, silent and with knitted brows, refusing all offers of accommodation on the Treasury Bench. Mr. MORRISON, the acting Premier, sat with folded arms—sure sign of a certain tension. Only Mr. GAITSKELL himself appeared entirely calm and unruffled, and he waded patiently and skilfully through his two-inch-high pile of notes. It took him two hours and a quarter to do it, but he kept his audience to the end—even when, at 5.30, he announced that the price of petrol would go up at six. He said he hoped there would be no sudden exodus—and there was none.

But Mr. BEVAN had a sudden—and obviously angry—exodus of his own, which deepened the frowns on the Front Bench. This was when Mr. G. said that a charge of about half the cost of teeth and spectacles would be made under the National Health Scheme. Mr. B. had publicly announced that he would not remain in a Government which imposed a charge on the patient, and, before he announced the charge, Mr. G. pointedly said he would not



"They say there's a talent scout from Gaul here to-night."

give way to pressure "however insidious or well-intentioned."

While Mr. B. motored off for a few words with the Prime Minister in hospital, Mr. G. went calmly on with his speech. He first built up a picture of the imperative need for rational safety and solvency, then put beside it another, showing the things that had to be done to keep the first jig-saw together. Things like another 6d. on income tax, the doubling of the purchase tax on television and radio sets, refrigerators and other "luxuries," as well as motor-cars.

Just to top it off, he raised the tax on petrol by 4½d., making the price 3s. 6d. a gallon, and popped an extra bit on cinema seats. As though sensing that such increases inevitably postponed most people's retirement from active business, he announced increases in Retirement Allowances for those over seventy in the case of men and those over sixty-five in the case of women. This was to encourage the delay of

retirement by five years, as compared with present practice. And there was to be an increase—from 30 per cent to 50—in the tax on distributed profits of companies.

At last, it was over, and, to another roar of cheers, the Chancellor sat down. All eyes were on the door, to see whether Mr. BEVAN would reappear—but he did not, and the debate continued.

Mr. CHURCHILL warmly praised the Chancellor for his honesty and courage, and added a tribute to Sir STAFFORD Cripps, lying ill in Switzerland, for his pioneer work in former years.

Rumbles of the political storm behind the scenes occasionally echoed in the Chamber—as when Mr. HENDERSON STEWART asked about the future of Mr. BEVAN, only to be told by Dr. HYACINTH MORGAN that the Minister had not included recipients of dentures and spectacles in his definition of "patients." This ingenious defence aroused a ripple of laughter.

Wednesday, April 11th

There were general cheers when Mr. MORRISON, having announced

President Tru-

House of Commons: man's dismissal

to-day of General

MacArthur, added a warm tribute to his services in the war and after. There was a renewed rumble of cheers when Mr. CHURCHILL underlined the tribute.

Mr. MORRISON promised a restatement of United Nations aims in Korea, as soon as they had been agreed by the Governments concerned.

Mr. WEBB announced that the Government proposed (in obedience to the command of the House) to cancel the Order cutting the cheese ration from 3 oz. to 2 oz.—but they also proposed to bring in another Order immediately, restoring the cut.

The House, having had its fun on Monday night, took this not altogether unexpected announcement equably.

BOOKING OFFICE

Bunin, and Lady Wilde

A NUMBER of stories, of which "The Gentleman from San Francisco" is perhaps the most brilliant, have established Ivan Bunin in the front rank of Russian writers. He is now eighty, lives in France, and is still bitterly hostile to the Revolution, whose horrors he saw with his own eyes. Brought up on his father's estates, he never engaged either in politics or in the antics of Moscow's literary movements, but his unvarnished accounts of Russian character must have infuriated the intellectuals who, taking care to live in cities, set a woolly halo round the peasant. "I'm sick and tired of all that old-Mother-Russia talk," he once protested to Chaliapin, who had claimed as a Russian to be indestructible. In his own country Bunin was a member of the Academy, and a winner of the Pushkin Prize; in 1933 he deservedly received the Nobel Prize for Literature.

English readers are likely to find the chapters on Tolstoy and Chekhov, both of whom he knew well, the most interesting in his *Memories and Portraits*. Tolstoy's writings affected him so deeply in his youth that he joined a Tolstoian brotherhood, which he soon found

to be full of sanctimonious humbugs, but the sage himself turned out wise and friendly, even begging him not to try so hard as a disciple. It is significant that Tolstoy said to him "Go on writing if you feel like it, but remember that it can never be the aim of life," whereas Chekhov urged that a man who did not constantly live in an atmosphere of art would feel empty and devoid of talent.

"You should only sit down to write when you feel as cold as ice," Chekhov told him; and in a vivid portrait Bunin stresses the strong element of self-restraint in Chekhov's character. He was pleased by others' successes, and often amusing in conversation that was always precise and simply phrased, but never, says Bunin, was he tender, warm and melancholy, as later critics have made out, and certainly never the pessimist he was once believed. Tolstoy was the only person Chekhov feared, and before going to visit him he tried on different pairs of trousers for nearly an hour before arriving at what he believed a suitable effect. I knew that when he died his body went from Germany to Petersburg in a wagon labelled "Fresh Oysters," but not that he caught his fatal cold dodging a bore in the hall of a steam bath. It is some small comfort to know that he had already described the man, for long a bother to Tolstoy, as "a funeral cart standing upright."

All through these fascinating memoirs runs a recurrent note of utter contempt for the writers and artists who trimmed their sails to the Revolution and stayed on, tongue in cheek and eyes averted from all the butchery and cynicism, to grow fat under a regime that vaunted the equality of man. Ivan Bunin's account of Gorki is not flattering.

Was Lady Wilde, Oscar's mother, as big a fool as she sounds? Probably not, for W. B. Yeats claimed that London had few better talkers; but it is difficult to judge from Mr. Horace Wyndham's *Speranza* (her pen name), a rather carelessly compiled affair of paste and scissors that contains so many long quotations from contemporaries, some for, others against, that in the end one is as dazed as after a protracted battle in court. In her youth in Dublin, where she was accounted clever, she became a violent Nationalist, releasing her undiscriminating passion in inflammatory verse of appalling quality. Regarding herself as a Celtic Joan of Arc, she said, simply, "I express the soul of a great nation." Her prose was scarcely preferable. Writing of dress, in which she was deeply interested, she laid it down that "there should be . . . no fuzzy bush on the brow to heat the temples and mar the cool logic of some grand deep thought." Harry Furniss, of *Punch*, who visited her extraordinarily mixed salon in Merrion Square, was struck by her appearance and air of a tragedy queen of the Mrs. Crummles type. Yet she put up with the peccadilloes of her rakish husband with magnanimity, and when poverty overtook her in London she faced it with courage, still queening it over squalor. Oscar was devoted to her, and remained, characteristically, generous.

ERIC KEOWN



"Garçon, la multiplication, s'il vous plaît."

Geographical and Spiritual Quests

Mr. James Ramsey Ullman can tell a story, an old-fashioned accomplishment that deserves a sentence to itself. Give him a mountain to be climbed or a jungle to be explored and he will make every step of the way interesting. *River of the Sun* is set among the tributaries of the Upper Amazon and is full of undergrowth, insects, mudbanks, Indians, machetes and sharp teeth waiting for a careless step. As in "The White Tower," the characters are "moralities" rather than people and the various quests which lure them through hardship and danger have symbolical significance. The things Mr. Ullman has to say about modern life are not very original and, though he is too fair-minded to exalt the disease-ridden apathy of the Indians into Noble Savagery, he comes very near it at times. However, when so many novelists are stronger on characterization and theme than on narrative, he is a refreshing change. He has the audience-control of the Ancient Mariner.

R. G. O. P.

The Vandyck Period

To the untidy and scandalous Jacobean age, of which Dr. David Mathew has also written, succeeded *The Age of Charles I*, the limits of which, for his present purpose, were the assassination of Buckingham and the summoning of the Short Parliament. Dominated by the strenuous figures of Laud and Strafford, this was also the age of Falkland and Chillingworth, of Little Gidding and George Herbert; an interval of quietude of which the spirit is epitomised in the refinement and remoteness of Vandyck's portraiture. Archbishop Mathew views it under many aspects—perhaps too many, for his canvas is a little overcrowded. The abruptness of his transitions (in conjunction with a weakness for the far-fetched epithet) is a check on easy reading; nor do his documentary citations seem always quite sufficient to justify his generalizations. But some of his chapters, notably those on the universities and the Navy, are wholly admirable, while his portrait sketches are made with such grace and perception that one could wish them more elaborate.

F. B.

An Idealist in Action

Mr. John Gunther would be the first to admit that he has found no very clear answer to the problem he is tackling in *The Riddle of MacArthur*. The American general appeared to him to be a reclusive conservative self-sufficient autocratic septuagenarian surrounded by a subservient staff and at the same time a brilliantly energetic middle-aged soldier with political genius sufficient to persuade a nation of more than eighty million people into totally new ways of life by the magnetism of his own personality. Misled into tragic blunders over affairs in Korea, he was yet so successful in Japan that he was able to send practically all

his armed forces across the water without misgiving. Health, education, democratic government and personal liberty all (it is claimed) advanced by centuries during his stay, while the war-breathing God-Emperor, his intimate friend, gladly became an accessible constitutional monarch. There are more riddles than one behind all this, with the answers still in the future.

C. C. P.

Hippocrene

Max Beerbohm's caricature of Walt Whitman inciting the bird of freedom to soar haunts, for many English readers, great tracts of American poetry; perhaps in her choice of "Starting from Paumanok" Dr. Sitwell, in what she specifies as a first gathering from that vast field, had it in mind to defy that gibing spectre. For *The American Genius* is an eye-opener of an anthology, ranging from just before Poe to contemporary young American poets. Dr. Sitwell's brilliant, irritating preface mixes profound insight into the nature of poetry (her fresh parallel between Whitman as the poet of earth and Blake as the poet of fire is an example of this) with high-falutin' Sitwellian wood-notes on the texture and technical structure of individual poems, and her notes on Marianne Moore constitute a *tour de force* of diamond-cut-diamond among the bluestockings.



"Let's see, just how long is it
since we started this picture?"

Her defence of Ezra Pound is noble, dignified and just. Passing over many fine pieces, she draws attention to Robert Lowell's magnificent Donne-cum-Webster masterpiece "The Ghost." Against her choice both of inclusion and omission there is no cavil, as this is the first of a promised series of similar collections. No poetry-lover could hope for a better introduction.

R. C. S.

Over the Border

Following a recent American precedent, it has become the fashion for American novels dealing with any form of sexual aberration to start with long descriptions of unhappy childhood and to end, like a Greek drama, in suicide or violent death. Mr. Peters has adopted such a framework for his story of Matthew's difficult progress through a maze of psychological complications at his French school and in Paris as a young man. But where Mr. Peters differs from his predecessors is in his ability to make both the young boy and his friend credible and even sympathetic people. *Finistère* abounds in good characterization and some excellent descriptions of Paris (though "agents," and not "gendarmes," conduct the traffic); but it is in analysing conflicts arising from loneliness, divorce, split loyalties, and a rootless childhood that Mr. Peters shows most understanding. In this field he has made many essential discoveries; and his exposition of the hidden crannies of human life is admirably lucid.

R. K.



"Could you spare the price of a box of matches?"

Composers' Loves

The Composer in Love is compiled for the delectation of those who like to contemplate "our great men in their more human moments." A composer in love is as besotted as anyone else in the same predicament; if he were not, such marriages as those of Mozart with Constanze Weber, Wagner with Minna Planer and Berlioz with Harriet Smithson might never have taken place. Tchaikovsky's marriage with Antonina Miliukova was a nightmare travesty into which love did not enter. In happy contrast with these, Schumann's marriage with Clara Wieck fulfilled all his lover's dreams. Beethoven renounced love for the sake of his art; but only the late string quartets and sonatas equal in passion, nobility and spirituality his letters to the "Immortal Beloved." The one-sided accounts of these affairs compiled by Mr. Cyril Clarke consist mainly of love-letters and extracts from the autobiographies of the lovers. It is impossible to agree with the blurb that "these are not romanticized stories," for that is exactly what they are.

D. C. B.

Progress of a Governess

Miss Beatrice Kean Seymour's novel, *The Second Mrs. Conford*, begins during a London air raid when old "Miss Barton" announces with her dying breath that she is Lucia Conford. From there we go back to 1870 and the birth of Lucia Frensham, who grew from what surely must have been a controlled and critical baby into an ambitious young governess with a sound brain and a seldom-touched heart. She married her widowed employer, and from then life went smoothly until her husband engaged another young governess. So far, so conventional, but it would not be fair to the author to say what happened to turn the second Mrs. Conford into the charitable "Miss Barton." It is odd that the story of such a dislikeable woman should be made interesting, but the story never flags, and we are allowed to become fairly fond of some of the other characters.

B. E. B.

Books Reviewed Above

Memories and Portraits. Ivan Bunin. (John Lehmann, 12/6)
Speranza. Morace Wyndham. (Boardman, 15/-)

River of the Sun. James Earney Ullman. (Collins, 12/6)
The Age of Charles I. David Mathew. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 21/-.)

The Riddle of MacArthur. John Gunther. (Hamish Hamilton, 12/6)

The American Genius. Edith Sitwell. (Lohmann, 12/6)

Finistère. Frits Peters. (Gollancz, 10/6)

The Composer in Love. Edited by Cyril Clarke. (Peter Nevill, 10/6)

The Second Mrs. Conford. Beatrice Kean Seymour. (Heinemann, 12/6)

Other Recommended Books

The Death Wish. Vera Caspary. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10/6) Stylish, dramatically written suspense story (without a death) by the author of *Laura* and *Bedelia*. Overwrought career-woman, dependable young doctor, expensive Hollywood surroundings, considerable psychological tension.

Spaces of the Dark. Nicholas Mosley. (Hart-Davis, 9/6) Despite a stiff self-consciousness, this novel attempts a difficult and worthwhile theme—the returned soldier's dilemma when faced by the post-war life of the King's Road, Chelsea. Some wild, chaotic descriptions.

TWO SAUSAGES

THE woman said "What are two sausages? Two sausages!"

The man woke to consciousness that he was being addressed. "What did you say?" he asked her.

"Two sausages."

"Two sausages." He turned the proposition over in his mind. He came to the conclusion that something was missing. "What about two sausages?" he inquired.

The woman progressed from the slings to the arrows. "You just don't listen to me when I talk to you, do you?"

"Listen to you? Of course I listen."

"What was I saying?"

"Two sausages," the man affirmed.

"I know. But what was I saying before that?"

The man enacted a painted ship upon a painted ocean. "Before that?"

The woman unleashed the wind and the rain. "I've been talking to you for a solid ten minutes. You haven't heard a word I've said."

"I heard two sausages. I must have been thinking of something else. Tell me again."

Patiently the woman retraced her steps. "I was in Lansbury's this morning," she unfolded. "I told you all this. You know how we like their sausages."

"Do we?"

"They're pork, you know," she reminded him. "They ought to be good. Well, they are good. Good enough, I should have thought. But there isn't enough pork in them to suit Mr. Webb. He has to go and bring out a regulation that they've got to have more."

"What's wrong with that?"

"The pork won't run to it, that's all. Lansbury's used to have them every day. Now they get them once in three months." She took up the thread of her twice-told tale. "There was a long queue waiting. I asked what it was for. They said 'Sausages.' I said 'Sausages!' I tacked on to the end. I should think I waited twenty minutes. When I got to the counter what they offered me was two!"

"Two sausages." Where the man came in.

"Two sausages! 'But,' I said to the girl, 'I've got five books!' She said 'We've got to share them out.'"

The man began to see the point. "It isn't many, is it?" he agreed.

The woman stayed silent on no peak in Darien. "Many! I nearly told her she could keep them. I felt such a fool waiting all that time. I went across to the other counter. The manager was there. 'Do you know what they've just given me at your bacon counter?' I said to him."

"Two sausages."

"I said to him 'I come in here

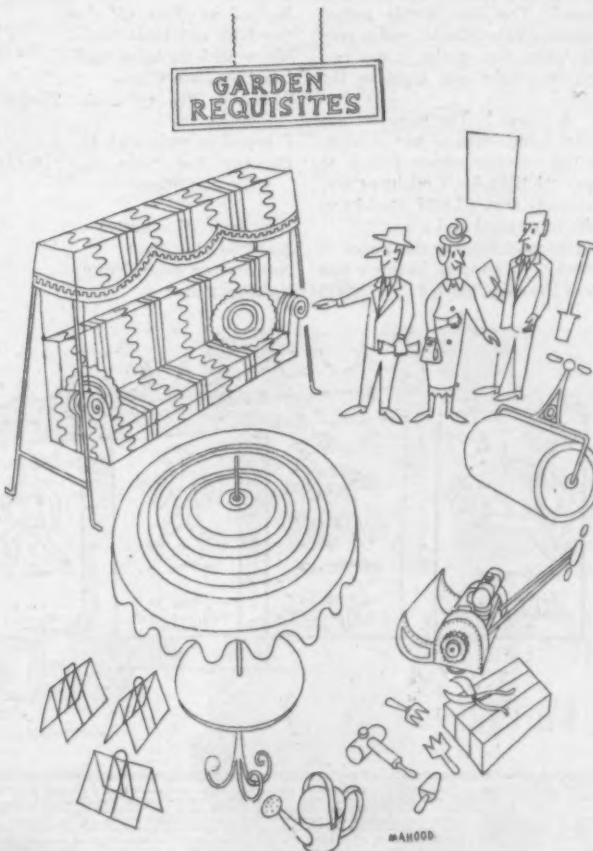
for all sorts of things I'm not registered for,' I said. Well, I do. 'There's pounds and pounds I spend in here,' I said to him. 'What are five people supposed to do with two sausages?'"

"You mean it would be difficult to share them out?"

"Well, ask yourself. Five people and two sausages. You wouldn't like to be one of the three who got a third of the second sausage, would you?"

The man took the view that it all depended. "Were they those little sausages, what's it, chipolata, or ordinary sausages?"

The woman abode no question



on the point. "He told me the same old rubbish again about they'd got to share them out."

The man went over to the ranks of Tuscany. "It isn't unreasonable, is it?"

"Unreasonable! Wait till you hear what happened this afternoon. I saw him coming out of the shop. He stopped me. He said 'Those sausages. We've still got some left. If you like to go in and tell them I sent you, you can have a few more.'"

The man commended his generosity.

"I went up to the bacon counter. I wasn't going to make myself look ridiculous, 'Please the manager sent me and I can have a few more.' I just said 'A pound of sausages, please.' The man simply picked them up off the pile—it was a man this time, you notice," she emphasized—"and put them on the scales."

"A pound." The man did not grudge admiration of her courage.

The woman added Pelion to Ossa. "I thought 'I might as well chance my arm.' I said 'Could you make it a pound and a half?'"

The man foresaw the wages of temerity. "I suppose he threw you out of the shop."

"He said 'You can have as many as you like.'"

The man rushed to intemperate conclusions. "Good. A slap-up breakfast in the morning. Two sausages."

"Two sausages?" She condemned his greed. "Because I get

a pound and a half of sausages that doesn't mean there's any to waste. You can have the same as the rest of us. One." She totted up in her mind what that left. "Then the following morning we'll think of a way to share the other four out between the five of us."

6 6

LAMENT FOR MISUSED BISCUIT TINS

HOW good for keeping cake,
What dainty paper baskets,
What excellent Dutch ovens too
they make,
Bright tins that once held
biscuits.

But tell us where, oh where,
Our Nice and Petit-Beurre,
Where with its couverture
Our Chocolate Finger?
Squashed Fly or Cat's Tongue
even?

Prisoned in what dark haven
Do our lost Ship and Water
Biscuits linger?

Now upon table festive
No clean Digestive;
Now by our cider frothy
No Abernethy;

Now by our brimming beaker
No crisp Cream Cracker.
And with our morning tea
No Arrowroot nor Marie now we see.

Sad goes the child to school,
No more with pockets full
Of Osbornes, Shortcakes, Lincolns,
Custard Creams.
Now in our picnic case
No Bourbon finds a place,
While Ginger-nuts are but the stuff
of dreams.

Good housewife, *miserere*,
Set to this sorry story
A happy closure.
Release that empty tin,
Employed as storage bin,
To be restocked again
Through willing grocer.

HH



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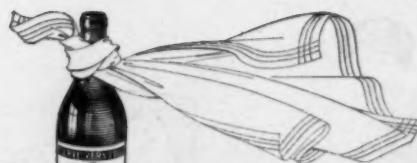
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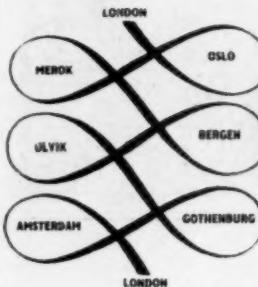
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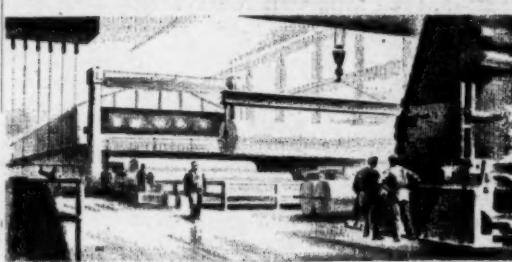
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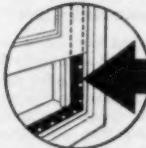


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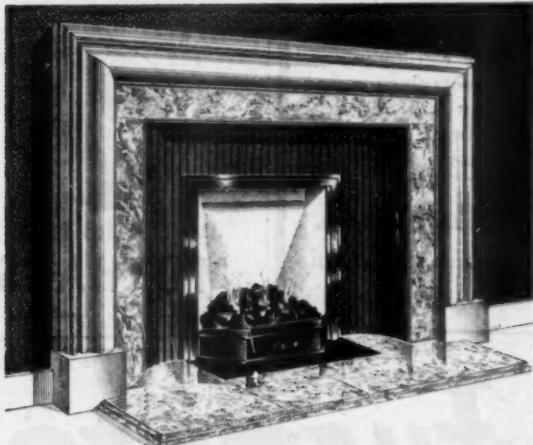


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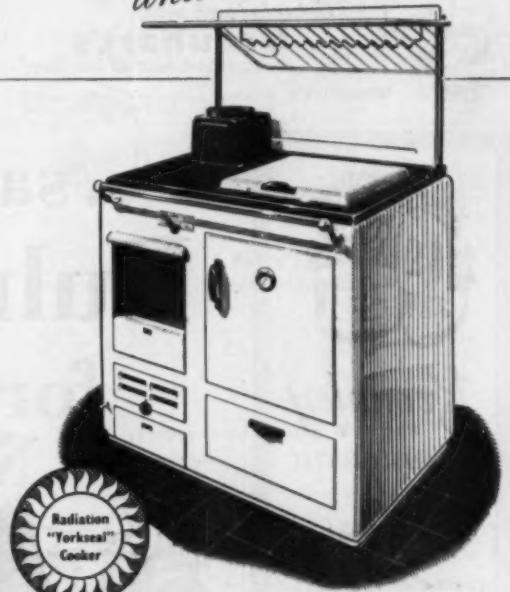
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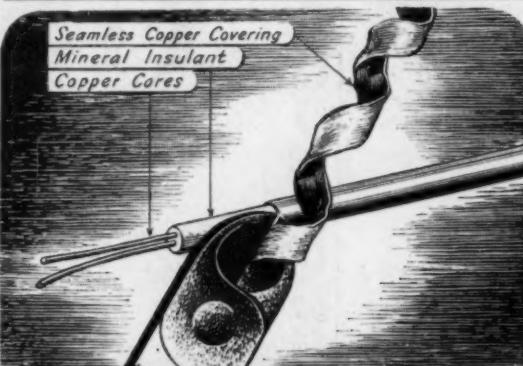


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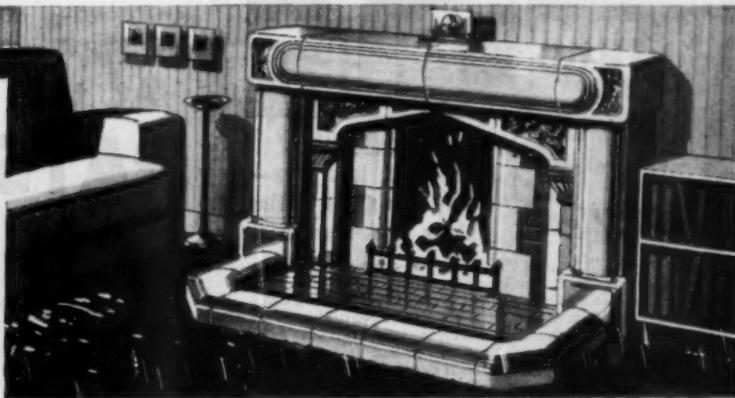
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